

On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curties. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioycing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pat. Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace

Kath. You are a fawcy Fellow,
Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loofe her wonted Greatnesse
To vse rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haft made me vnmanly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchins.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchins*.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreates you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knows how deely.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should nor lye) but will deserue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord;
By that you loue the deere in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loofe the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embleme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterme me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scene

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not a clocke?
Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities, to be
Not for delights: Times to repoy to our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs to
To waste these times. Good house of night Sir Thomas,
Whether so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lov. I must to him too, heere he is now.
Before he go to bed. He take my leaue.

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas, what's the matter?
It seemes you are in haile, and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirites do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seekes dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I loue you;
And dust commend a secret to your eare
Much weightier then this worke. The Queene is Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd vp now.

Lov. Me thinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserue our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne be well,
'Twill not Sir Thomas, take I of me,
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graues.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd i'th Kingdome: as for *Cromwel*,
Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master
O'th Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Inscit the Lords of the Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Hereticke, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre
Given care to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those ill Mischiefes,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuenced. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night;
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little Charles,

Nor shall you when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queene what is the Newes?

Lov. I could not personally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?

To pray for her? What is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady,
Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
The state of my poore Queene. Leau me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.

Suff. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember to my Prayers.

King. Charles good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Vs.

Lov. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Lovel seems to stay.*
Ha? I haue said, Be gone.

What? Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. It is my dutie
To attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right forrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

Heard